

T H E

Sweet Barley Mow;

O R,

RAGGED and TRUE,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A L L I N T H E T A S T E.

SINCE HE'S GONE, FAREWEL HE.

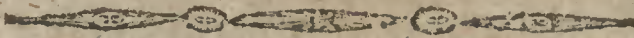
CLEAN PATERNAL SEAT.

WAP YOUR WEALTH TOGETHER.



G L A S G O W,

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 THE SWEET BARLEY-MOW;

O-R,

## - R A G G E D   A N D   T R U E .

I Will sing you a song of myself,

I and so give the Devil his due,

I ne'er shall be hanged for wealth.

and as for my clothes they're but few.

My clothes are all gone without doubt,

to the joys of the sweet Barley-mow,

My pence they're worn down to nothing,

brave boys, tho' I'm ragged I'm true.

My clothes are all scratches and patches,

you may see if you earnestly look ;

My clothes are all scratches and patches,

much like to a false written book :

But scratched and patched, I'll wear it,

until I can paint it with new.

For drinking I'll challenge the nation,

brave boys, tho' I'm ragged, I'm true.

Come fill us a pot of good liquor,

we'll drink to our creditors all ;

We'll pay them when times they grow better,

and landlords come at the first call ;

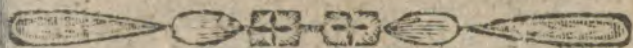
And if they will take no denial,

but run like a hare in full view,

I will give them the start upon trial,

brave boys, tho' I'm ragged, I'm true.

Long time this nail has been driven,  
 unto the bottomless land,  
 I'm afraid there is something been doing,  
 that will turn to some fatal end.  
 But rubbers and blows I will give them,  
 will cause all our joys to renew,  
 As we found the world so we must leave it,  
 brave boys, tho' we're ragged, we're true.



### ALL IN THE TASTE.

**Y**E beaux and ye belles of the city,  
 that strive for to ogle the taste,  
 Give ear to a comical ditty,  
 in which Lady Fashion is plac'd.

For I'll show you some taste a la mode,  
 so well turn'd in a lecture on heads,  
 And step into Steven's road,  
 in spite of all critical dreads.

First, Observe the good Lady of Fashion,  
 pray mark but her porcupine head,  
 With her brains she can settle a nation,  
 while the poor is starving for bread.

Observe but her Turkey cock'd hat,  
 pray see how it dwells on her nose,  
 Which makes her as blind as a bat,  
 and behind all for nothing she throws.

Miss Polly just come from the school,  
 in the fashion must cut a great figure,

For no more she'll be reckon'd a fool  
 when her head's made something bigger.

And stay-making John play'd his part,  
 for he so well fitted her shape;  
 So she's fairly resign'd him her heart,  
 and borrow'd the form of an ape.

Next a man of Derry comes in,  
 for he, sirs a man of the town.  
 With Eagle-court mark'd on his chin,  
 and Duff-fields all dullness he'll drown.

With a wig of the bull forehead kind,  
 on which Stev'ns once made a comment,  
 And open'd the eyes of the blind,  
 and sold wit at twenty per cent.

Fray ogle the tub bottom'd hat,  
 see the virtues of Weatherby there;  
 For the lamp-breaking magic's in that,  
 you may see it quite plain I declare.

But leave off my good lussy Robin,  
 for with taste you're always intriguing,  
 Or by chance you may get a good mobbing,  
 by the help of young Master O'figgan.

SINCE HE'S GONE, FAREWEL HE.

**L**A T E L Y with a young man,  
 I fell deeply in love,  
 The worst of all young men,  
 he did unto me prove;

For his tongue it ran so nimbly,  
 and so nimbly ran't for me,  
 I'm afraid he will differable,  
 since he's gone, farewell he.

With his soft flattering tongue,  
 and his foolish advice,  
 He thinking for to lead me  
 into Cupid's Paradise ;  
 And there would a slighted me,  
 as he's done two or three ;  
 So for ever I'll defy him,  
 since he's gone, farewell he.

My love gave unto me,  
 a very fine gold ring,  
 Thinking for to deprive me,  
 of a far better thing ;  
 But I happ'ned to be wiser,  
 than he took me for to be ;  
 So for ever I'll defy him,  
 since he's gone, farewell he.

He being the only son of a  
 wealthy old gentleman,  
 And I but the daughter of a  
 poor o'ld frail woman ;  
 Since he's got the gold about him,  
 he may keep it a' for me ;  
 For I'll make a shift without him,  
 since he's gone, farewell he.

Since he's gone, let him go,  
 let him sink, let him swim ;

For I have got another sweetheart,  
 twice as good as him ;  
 I may work. I may sit idle,  
 as convenient for me ;  
 I may rest me when I'm wearied,  
 since he's gone, farewell he.

Now since that he is married,  
 and keeps himself so close,  
 Let it never be said, that I  
 will lament for the loss ;  
 Since he is pleased with her carriage,  
 and so well with her agree,  
 I'll never stop the marriage,  
 since he's gone, farewell he.

O welcome fresh weather,  
 and farewell frost,  
 For dancing and rejoicing  
 since my true lover's lost :  
 For it has never been determined,  
 that married we should be ;  
 So for ever I'll defy him,  
 since he's gone, farewell he.



## CLEAN PATERNAL SEAT.

**T**O hug yourself in perfect ease,  
 What would you wish for more than these?  
 A healthy, clean, paternal seat,  
 Well shaded from the summer heat:

A light parlour, a stove to hold  
 A constant fire, from winter's cold,  
 Where you may sit, and think, and sing,  
 Far off from court, God bless the King.

Safe from the harpies of the law,  
 From party-rage, and great men's paw;  
 Have a few choice friends of your own cast;  
 A wife agreeable and chaste.

An open, but yet a constant mind,  
 Where guilty cares no entrance find;  
 Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite,  
 To break the sabbath of the night.

Plain equipage, and temperate meals,  
 Few taylors, and no doctor's bills;  
 Content to take as Heaven shall please,  
 A larger or a shorter lease.



### WAP YOUR WEALTH TOGETHER.

**O** Mither dear, I 'gin to fear,  
 tho' I'm baith good and bonny,  
 I winna keep; for in my sleep,  
 I stae and dream o' Johnny,

#### C H O R U S.

Up stairs down stairs,  
 timber stairs fear me,  
 I'm laith to ly a' night my lane,  
 and Johnny's bed sac near me.

When Johnny then comes down the glen,  
 to woo me do not hinder;

But with content gi' your consent,  
for we twa ne'er can funder. Up, &c.

Better to marry, than miscarry;  
for shame and skaith's the blink o't,  
To thole the dole, to mount the stool,  
I downa hale to think o't. Up, &c.

Sae while 'tis time I'll shun the crime,  
that gars poor Epps gae whinging,  
With heunches fow, and ean fae blew,  
to a' the bedrals binging. Up, &c.

Had Epps's apron bidden down,  
the kirk wad ne'er a kend it;  
Eat when the word's gane thro' the town;  
alake how can she mend it! Up, &c.

Now Tam maun face the minister,  
and the maun mount the pillar;  
And that's the way that they maun gae,  
for poor folk has nae filler. Up, &c.

Now ha'd your tongue, my daughter young,  
repl'y'd the kindly mither,  
Get Johnny's hand in haly band,  
syne wap your wealth together. Up, &c.

I'm o' the mind, if he be kind,  
ye'll do your part discreetly;  
And prove a wife, will gar his life,  
and barrel run right sweetly. Up, &c.